

Father was drunk on the porch
Quietly cleaning his guns while we sat
And watched the sun set from the roof
Drinking stolen beer
The day I turned twelve

And Momma was losing her mind
So we built a home in the woods
And I carved our names in the sign
With a knife we found beneath the house
The day you turned twelve

And I am always reminded of lies
That we told, but never meant
And at night when I still hear you grin
Like an echo sounding from my sins
Come on, let me in

I remember the cast on your arm
From when we were convinced we could fly
And how we covered it up in fake names
To make it seem like you were famous
When you came back to school

And sure, we never had much
But we did just as we pleased
We had no concern for anything
Beyond the day we were living in
We had no need to dream

And I am always reminded of lies
That we told, but never meant
And at night I could still hear you grin
Like an echo sounding from my sins
Come on, let me in